

JEAN ELIOT'S CHRONICLES OF CAPITAL SOCIETY DOINGS

(Continued from Page Fourteen.)

interesting little ceremonies planned for this week. On Tuesday evening there are to be services in Commemoration of the great Chateau Thierry drive, in which the Marines particularly covered themselves with glory, at the Marine Barracks. Both Secretary Baizer and Secretary Daniels will speak and Mrs. Barker will sing. Mrs. Barnett, wife of the Major General Commandant of the Marine Corps, who has gone over all the battle-ground since the signing of the armistice, will tell about her journey, and it promises to be an unusually interesting and impressive occasion.

Another interesting event of the week will be Mrs. McAdoo's visit here for the purpose of awarding medals to the women who were prominently identified with the Women's Liberty Loan Committee in the late Victory Loan drive. She is coming on the invitation of Mrs. Wesley Martin Stoner, chairman of the committee, and the presentation ceremonies, which will take place tomorrow afternoon at the Willard, is really Mrs. Stoner's party. Mrs. Glass, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, will assist, both her daughters will be among those "decorated" and there's a quite imposing list of those who will receive medals.

Mrs. J. Scott Parish, head of the woman's committee of the Fifth Federal Reserve Bank district, will also be present at the ceremony of the medals. She will come from Richmond for the occasion and will be accompanied by her assistant, Mrs. Watt. Mrs. Franklin Townsend,

niece of the Lawrence Townsends and an indefatigable worker for the loan, will sing; so will Mrs. Charlotte Eldridge, and Margaret Rippey, a talented pianist, will play Schumann's "Carnival."

Women Loan Workers Deserve Their Medals.

The very general distribution of medals to all and sundry on various pretexts, rather reminds one of the plight of the little teacher, who feared to hurt the feelings of the pupils who didn't get prizes, and hit upon this brilliant solution of her difficulty:

And so she gave some sort of prize to every single lad.

And one who never studied got first prize for being bad! However, it isn't quite fair to recall this bit of foolishness from St. Nicholas in the days of happy memory in this connection, for there isn't the shadow of a doubt that the women who worked for the Victory Loan earned their medals and deserve some sort of a memorial for their labor. Particularly does Mrs. Stoner deserve a decoration, for, if I mistake not, under her direction the women's committee turned in more subscriptions than in any of the previous campaigns.

Past Week Less Breathless Than Its Predecessor.

This last week hasn't been quite so mad and breathless as the previous fortnight, but "enough's enough" and there's been no danger of stagnation. It began with a delightful dance-

the Free Milk for France party in Mr. Everett's great house in Sheridan Circle, which lasted until the wee small hours and completed a tremendously successful series of parties—and it wound up with the advance guard of the June brides. And in between came about an average calendar of routine hospitality: breakfasts, luncheons, dinners and teas, with such out-of-the-routine parties as the two all-fresco functions given in the garden of the commandant's house, Marine Barracks, by General and Mrs. Barnett.

The first, on Tuesday, was a young people's party, a dinner and dance, given for Mrs. Barnett's daughter, Lella Gordon, and her guest, Dorothy Savage, of Baltimore. The next evening the garden, all strung with Japanese lanterns, was given over to an older and graver party, asked to meet the Minister of the Netherlands and Mme. Cremer, who enjoyed the picturesque scene quite as much as the youngsters had the night before. And then, of course, there were the ceremonies and functions incident to the celebration of the first "international" memorial day, when the thoughts of many Americans traveled far afield, away from the eight or three national cemeteries, where tiny flags decorate 400,000 graves, to France, where upward of 70,000 of the flower of American manhood lie buried in more than 2,000 cemeteries to rugged Scotland and troubled Germany; to sunny Italy, and frozen, bloody Russia; to shell torn Belgian battle fields, and quiet English churchyards—such a memorial day as America had has never before known.

Ultra Smart Set Is Getting Picture Show Habit.

Washington's ultra smart set is developing a surprising amount of artistic talent of late and incidentally is getting the picture show habit. Some exceedingly worth-while things were among those shown at Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh's residence a week ago, things which were afterward sold or auctioned off for the benefit of the Salvation Army's home service fund. And among the exhibits was Capt. Henry Stanley Todd's portrait of the Vice President, painted to hang in the Capitol. This is now at Captain Todd's home in Connecticut avenue, and one evening last week he and Mrs. Todd had guests for dinner and others came in later for a "private view" of the portrait.

Then there was the recent exhibit at the Wayfarer's Bookshop, in which Mrs. Francis V. Lloyd and two young chaps just out of the service were in partnership; and right now Arthur Franklin Musgrave, temporarily attached to the British embassy, is having an exhibition of water colors and drawings at Charles Dayton's galleries, just across the way from the embassy in Connecticut avenue. Mr. Musgrave is showing a number of portraits of distinguished Britishers who have recently been in Washington, among 'em Lord Reading, Sir Grimwood Mears, and several members of the British embassy staff—not forgetting Mr. Barclay.

Many of Really Elect Going Into Trade.

Not only does it seem to be quite the smart thing to go in for exhibiting, but more and more of the really elect seem to be going into trade. Perhaps the reason is that women must find some outlet for the disciplined energy they have been putting into war work—at any rate more and more of them are developing the "Twelve Pound Look." The latest additions to the trade coterie are Mrs. Nevil Monroe Hopkins and Miss Jane Hunt, who have taken the quarters in which the Wayfarer's Book Shop started—the latter institution is moving into larger quarters in the same building, 1623 H street—and will sell Oriental things—the genuine high class stuff which one seldom finds outside its native habitat.

The Look See Shop, for so it is to be dubbed, is to have its formal opening on Thursday, and is to be conducted on the principal which has made the Wayfarer's Book Shop so successful—the principal of encouraging those who merely drop in to "look around"



MISS MAXINE DURANT.
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Durant, who is to wed Lorenzo Dale Burrell, of Detroit, on the afternoon of June 28.

in the hope that those who come to browse will remain to buy. The Hopkins household is a veritable museum of curious and interesting things gathered from all over the world and each with its historic association. Possibly some of the pieces will find their way to the shop—and then Major and Mrs. Hopkins will have the fun of repaying them to others—but most of the stock was purchased by Miss Hunt during a recent trip to the far East. Indeed, ever since her return she has been conducting a wee bit of business along the same lines at her own home in N street; and she made advantageous connections in the Orient which will enable her to supply customers with all sorts of rare and lovely things.

Both Mrs. Hopkins and Miss Hunt are connoisseurs in their line, and the little shop should be a tremendous success. Their friends are almost as much interested in their venture as they are.

Have you ever been introduced to American history through the romantic glamour of woodlands and lovely American youth? You might have been, Susan, could you have been with me some moonlit eve last week. Down in the wooded dell at Forest Glen—you know the glen we love so well below the bridge at National Park Seminary—I had a glimpse of a fairytale history of our country. It was a school pageant—"The Spirit of the Glen"—and it traversed the whole historical lineage of this beautiful bit of woodland, beginning with the Indian days, on through the picturesque Colonial days, and ending with "The School in the Glen," the beloved "Alma Mater."

We know how full of history these hills and streams are. It was to bring this fact, in dramatic reality, to the school in the glen, and to the neighborhood as well, that Marjorie Day went out from Washington and for two weeks planned out this pageant with the various classes, and it resulted in a spectacle I must try to describe if I can. Marjorie Day brought her community service ideal into the creation of this educational program, with the purpose of emphasizing to the neighboring townspeople the history of their glen (and ours!). She deems it her mission with the War Camp Community Service, to thus arouse and let communities "see" for themselves, their heroes, their traditions. In a small way it does for our native history what the great pageants such as "Caliban" in New York and that of St. Louis do—at rare intervals—for great numbers of people.

The townspeople, too, took part. Lots of little children were in the home scene of George Washington's day, and the tea party with these little "Martha Washingtons" running around, "over hill, over dale," by stream and wooded pathway, pictured "My Country 'Tis of Thee" in a romance that I still seem to be a part of.

Cavaliers came galloping in—a horseback—resplendent in their gaily colored costumes. The elaborateness of costumes was quite thrilling. And what brilliant costumes! Those bright, girly did make! With powdered wigs, masculine swagger, and courtly demeanor.

Poetry told the story of the glen. It was spoken by a wood nymph, the "Spirit of the Glen," and beautifully spoken by Wilhelmina Crawford. The blank verse was written by Charlotte Priest, a teacher of the school, who must surely feel how—

"Heavenly dwell
In this Glen
The mountain's brink
And Truth came down
To the valley
With her maidens
And clove the spring
And clove the spring
Thus they met,
Truth and Beauty,
And in our Glen
They dwell together."

For that is "Alma Mater," where education descends the hill, attended by Light and Truth, Literature, Music, Art, and Science, followed in her train. It came as a blessing after the scenes of the civil war.

Out of it all, though, dwells the memory of the Indian legend. The wooing of Chief Fears Nothing and the Windflower maiden was told in music. "The Indian brave came

a-wooing from far off up the wooded hill. We heard the sound of his flute in the darkness, then a "spotlight" revealed him just beyond the pond, his form mirrored in the water. On he came, when suddenly out of the shadows he described an Indian maiden at the doorway of her wigwam.

Hearing her lover in the distance, she sings to him that lovely "Moon, Moon," of Cadman's. Meeting, they have a love duet of flute and human voice—all nature spoke the imagery of their love, the simple, primitive music was as much apart from the world as the trees themselves. Helen Hottel and Vera Smith idealized this scene delightfully.

"Theta Sigma Rho" was sponsor for the pageant, assisted by "Chi Psi Upsilon." One of the "original settlers" of this Maryland "Manor," however, was out of the village—and hilariously "correct." She was Alice Coates Jones. And with all the beauty of music and songs, we must not forget Nan Roth, who did so well in selecting the lovely incidental music.

I wonder if there is anything as dear to the heart of us as those ideals that we ever hold in our memories, those memories of school days that brighten and bless all the after years.

Suffrage Workers Hold Big "Victory Tea."

The National Woman's Suffrage Association rounded up a group of Congressional women Wednesday afternoon at a sort of victory tea, the honor guests being specifically a quartet of new Senators—Messrs. Truman Newberry, Medill McCormick, William J. Harris, and Arthur Capper, wives of the newly initiated Senators from Michigan, Detroit, Georgia, and Kansas, respectively. Guests passing down the line had to say "au revoir" to Mrs. McCormick, who was leaving town next day, in one breath, and "Glad you're back" to Mrs. Newberry in the next, and to greet Mrs. Capper and Mrs. Harris with appropriate welcome to newcomers. It was a most interesting "line." Mrs. McCormick, slender, dark, almost to Indian swarthinness; Mrs. Newberry, rosy, gray-haired, inclined to plumpness, all-smiling graciousness; Mrs. Capper, tall, slight, "sandy;" Mrs. Harris, rather small, and perhaps the least noticeable of them, but evidently making rapid headway and constantly surrounded by an interested group.

Mrs. Newberry is frankly glad to be back in Washington, and Washington is glad to have her. She and Senator Newberry registered temporarily at the Willard, while Mrs. Newberry looked for permanent quarters. Their old home, 1515 Sixteenth street—near the Capitol—was sold to Mrs. Dismock's and to what used to be Vice President Sherman's and about opposite the house the McDooes occupied during the last two years of their Washington residence, they sold a year or two after leaving Washington, and it is now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Denegre. Their friends were so perfectly sure that they would eventually return to Washington that it was rather a surprise that they sold their house. And now they are taking for the summer what Mrs. Newberry laughingly calls a "silly parlor" at Stoneleigh Court, hoping that by fall they will have found a really suitable house. It will have to be "some house," for while the actual resident family of the new Senator from Michigan is small, the nonresident members of the family who having been brought up in Washington are devoted to it, and have given fair warning that they expect to be frequent visitors, require considerable accommodation.

All the Newberry menfolk—Senator Newberry himself, his two sons, the Newberry twins of former Republican regimes) and his son-in-law, Capt. Frank Burke, Jr., have all been in the service, and all but the Senator himself have been on active duty in France. Senator Newberry—former Secretary of the Navy—naturally inclined to that branch of the service, and offered himself and received a commission as soon as the United States entered the war, but although he was only recently released from the service he did not succeed in the career of her water. But "the boys," all three of them, got over and actively into the game.

Mrs. Daniels Only One Of Hostesses on Job.
Though the honor guests and a goodly number of guests showed up all right at that reception of the four hostesses announced only Mrs. Daniels was on the job. Mrs. Charles C. Curtis, wife of the Senator from Kansas was ill. Mrs. Mondell, wife of the majority floor leader, telephoned at the last minute that she, too, was ill, and Mrs. Champ Clark telephoned explaining that when she accepted their invitation she absolutely forgot a previous engagement.

Mrs. Daniels wins golden opinions and undying gratitude by always being on hand for any function that she promises to be on hand for. Just back from the scenes of her European triumphs, she might conceivably put on some of the airs of a prima donna, but not she! If she says she'll appear, she appears. She stayed through the whole afternoon Wednesday, and showed not a sign of being top-lofty about the aforementioned triumphs. I'm told, by the way, by a man who is just back from England that Secretary Daniels, and, of course, Mrs. Daniels with him, got a genuine ovation, and that he is tremendously popular overseas. Also one hears pleasant tales of how the American ambassador to the Court of St. James, John W. Davis, has been taken to the British heart. I understand he has made good in every possible way, and that he and his wife are two of the most popular people in London.

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Bad Complexions Peeled Off At Home.

The girl with the poor complexion complains, "I have to touch up my cheeks. I am sallow and a sight, and only my make-up saves me."

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National Women's Party—the rival suffrage organization. Both branches of suffrage hit upon the same afternoon for their "victory" parties—probably thinking that their amendment would have come through the Senate by then and they would have something more than prospects to jubilate over. They had a hard time, for they were anxious to hold down their places in the senate gallery, and see the triumph for which they had waited so long. And at the same time, they both had parties on—and parties without hostesses are rather poor affairs. Both, by the way, had their quarters decorated with sheafs of laurel? Whether it was to be regarded as a symbol of victory, or simply because the woods are full of it just now.

Pondily yours,
JEAN ELIOT.

EMPLOYEES TO SHARE SAVINGS BY NEW SYSTEM.

NORTH ADAMS, Mass., June 1.—Representatives of the employees and the management of the Windsor Print Works in this city have voted favorably upon the adoption of a so-called "man-to-man system" whereby employees will share equally with the company in savings resulting from the adoption of new methods for lessening the cost of production. The new system is to be given a three months' trial at the local factory.

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